PURPLE PARROT

FEBRUARY
1934
25 CENTS

ORTHWESTERN
NIVERSITY

PURITY NUMBER

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, *says:*
"To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness, and I like their taste better. Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one after another."

Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., *says:*
"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any woman who is a home maker will agree with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing, and tending to all the other duties of running a household are enough to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I have to be careful in choosing *my* cigarettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels freely without a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"

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How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-up now—on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you:

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves...never tire your taste.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

ON THE CAMPUS

SOCIETY AT NORTHWESTERN

FEBRUARY 28, WEDNESDAY
Engineers' Banquet, Orrington Hotel, 7:00 p. m.

MARCH 2, FRIDAY
Saint Charles Conference

MARCH 3, SATURDAY
Saint Charles Conference
Austin Formal at the Drake Hotel. Dinner at 7:00 o'clock
Lambda Chi Alpha Radio Party

MARCH 4, SUNDAY
Saint Charles Conference
Hillel Tea

MARCH 9, FRIDAY
Sextant Battalion Ball, Evanston Country Club, Formal

MARCH 10, SATURDAY
Phi Mu Delta Formal, Edgewater Beach, 7 p. m.

MARCH 13, TUESDAY,
UNTIL MARCH 17, SATURDAY
Inclusive. Waa-Mu Show

MARCH 20, TUESDAY
Glee Club Concert

MARCH 21, WEDNESDAY
Y. W. C. A. Freshman Discussion Group, Methodist Church, 5:30 p. m.

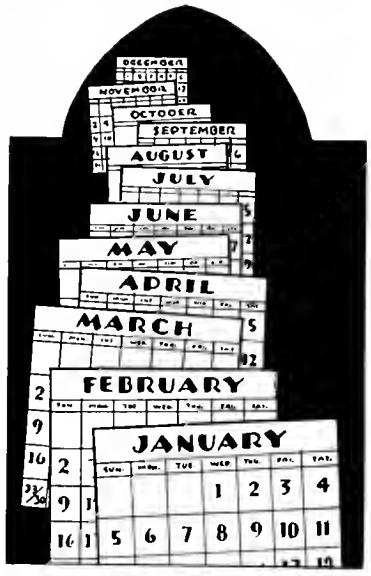
ATHLETICS

MARCH 2, FRIDAY
Swimming, Michigan at Evanston

DINE AND DANCE

CONGRESS HOTEL
Michigan and Congress.
Dance to the inimitable Carlos Molina and his mirimba band in the Joseph Urban Room. Week days and Sunday, $1.00 minimum and $1.00 supper. Saturday, cover charge $1.00, minimum $1.00.

STEVENS HOTEL
Michigan and Seventh.
Boulevard Room with Charley Agnew and his band boys. Special dinners. $1.25 to $1.75. Suppers after ten, $1.00. No cover.



LEXICON

HOTEL LA SALLE
Madison and La Salle.
The Blue Room. Dinner $1.50 every night, minimum $1.50.

ARAGON BALLROOM
Lawrence and Broadway.
Wayne King and the boys. Costs, $1.50 to $1.85. $1.50 until 6 Sunday. Estimates per couple, refreshments extra.

THE STABLES
Broadway near Devon and Sheridan.
Just the spot for us farmers. No cover. $1 minimum per person. Floor show and dancing.

THE LIMEHOUSE
1563 Howard.
Barney Richards' orchestra. No cover, no minimum. Dinners very reasonable.

BLACKHAWK
Wabash at Randolph.
Hal Kemp and smart floor show. Dinner $1.25. Supper $1.50. No cover.

DRAKE HOTEL
North Michigan Ave.
Clyde McCoy and his Crusaders in the Gold Coast Room. Dinner 6 to 9, $1.75, $1.00 supper and $1.00 minimum after 9.

RAINBOW GARDEN
Clark and Lawrence.
Jewel Stein and his band. $1.50 dinner; without dinner after 9, 50c per person admission. $1.00 on Saturdays and Sundays.

OFF THE CAMPUS

CANTON TEA GARDENS
Corner Wabash and Van Buren.
Louis Panico and his orchestra. No cover, no minimum.

MORRISON HOTEL
Madison and Clark.
Terrace Garden. Clyde Lucas playing. No cover, $1.50 to $2.00 dinner after 5:30.

HOTEL SHERMAN
Clark and Randolph.
College Inn. Noble Sissle and Paul Ash. Good floor show. 6 to 9, dinner $1.75 to $2.50. Supper $1.50. No cover, no minimum.

BISMARCK HOTEL
Randolph and Wells.
Walnut Room. Ted Weems's orchestra. Floor show. Minimum charge $1.50. Dinner $1.75 to $2.55.

VISTA DEL LAGO
No Man's Land.
Dine and dance in a truly metropolitan atmosphere that is only a jump from the campus. No minimum or cover charge.

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Evanston. Three famous cupboards, all different and yet inviting. Known to all Northwestern for its delectable cuisine.

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Opposite Willard Hall. Good food, well served, in a collegiate atmosphere.

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No Man's Land. A haven for hungry and thirsty students.

NORMANDY TEA ROOM
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◆ ◆ ◆

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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER
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Studio: 1606 Chicago Ave. Evanston

ODE TO AN ANIMALCULE

Scrawled in the Zoology Lab.

Pesky, green, and tim'rous beastie,
Slopping north and south and eastie,

Bumping nose on here, and then
Turning round to bump again,

Give me jitters while I hope to
Keep you under microscope, you

Nomad of a drop of scummy
Water, rolling on your tummy,

Can't you see it's not your fate to
Go beyond this cover plate, you

Little blob of fits and spasms,
Made of ninety kinds of—asms?

Don't you know that when you slither
Here and there and hither-thither,

No one in the world would care
If you lay and slept—RIGHT THERE?

Don't you know that there's not one
Blessed thing outside that scum

Gives a whoop if you stay placid
Or get soused on picric acid?

So, by gad, you paramoecium,
When your portrait's reached completion,

Armed with towel I'm going to strike you
Into bits—I'm too much like you.

—e. m., in Dirge.

◆ ◆ ◆

A policeman, making his rounds in the early morning, found an inebriated individual standing in a horse trough and waving his handkerchief over his head.

"Hey, what are you doing there?" asked the cop.

"Save the women and children first—I can swim!" was the answer. *—Punch Bowl*

◆ ◆ ◆

It was on top of a crowded bus in Chicago.

"Low bridge!" shouted the conductor to the passengers. "Everyone keep his seat and face to the front."

A gay little flapper up forward turned around, smiled sweetly, and said, "My dear, you know that can't be done.' *—Log*

"Yea Verily"

Sayeth Bry

Day by day this University is growing more and more sophisticated, but even now there are those who write chain letters, men who get excited over jigsaw puzzles, and even a few coeds who still regard rumbleseat lovemaking as flattering.

This is a new semester and all the boys are watching the sororities to see which will acquire the motto of "Hong Tau Poon Tang," a quaint Chinese phrase from California which has a strange relationship to the "Old Ox Road"—Wilmette Harbor or what have you.

Little by little the pledges on North Campus have learned that it is a coed's heart and vanity and not her senses that are weak, for love without romance and tenderness has little appeal to the average woman.

A pessimist is the crumbled remains of the optimist, who so blithely walked a Beauty Queen to the altar last June. Yes, indeed, when a man starts to improve you his love is on the wane, for a man in love is so dazzled by a woman's charm that he cannot see a defect.

We wonder if the return of bicycles, puff sleeves and bustles will bring back the old-fashioned hammock. For after all a hammock doesn't run into lamp posts or get tickets for parking without lights.

It has been rumored around campus that Kappa is not a sorority at all, it is just an attitude.

—Bry Burton

◈ ◆ ◈

Last night
The moon was bright.
In my arms
I knew your charms.
Within me set a flame.

My plea,
Come back to me,
Means but this:
With all the bliss,
I forgot to ask your name.

The heartbreaks caused by the damsels who are too beautiful to be true are as nothing compared to the annoyance caused by those too true to be beautiful.

—*Cornell Widow*

◈ ◆ ◈

Ask a girl to talk
. . . if she's talkative
Ask a girl to walk
. . . if she's walkative
Ask a girl to dance
. . . it's permissible
But never ASK to kiss her
. . . if she's kissable.

—*Puppet*

◈ ◆ ◈

STORY WITH A MORAL

Moon.
Spoon.
Croon.
Groom.

Find.
Fondle.
Fool.
Forget.

◈ ◆ ◈

Lifting the Veil.—The minister advertised for a man-servant and next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.

"Can you start the fire and get breakfast by seven o'clock," asked the minister.

"I guess so," answered the young man.

"Well, can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes and keep the house neat and tidy?"

"Say, parson," said the young fellow, "I came here to see about getting married—but if it's going to be as much work as all that you can count me out right now."

—*Tit-Bits*

"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"

TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never *could* see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

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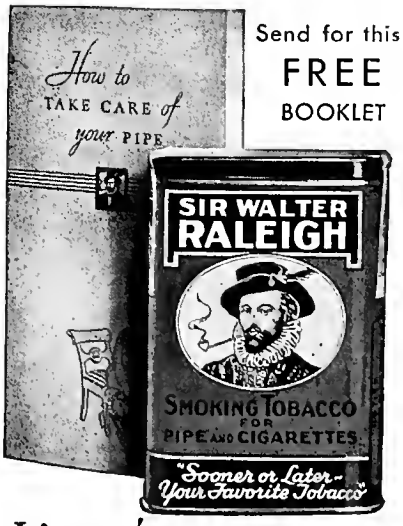

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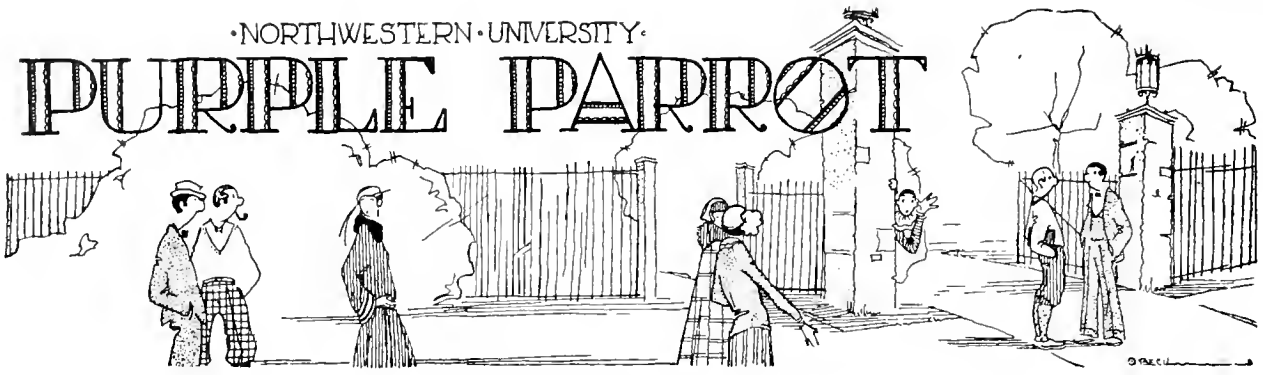
PURPLE PARROT



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HARRY SHAFFER
EDITOR

RICHARD SAYERS
MANAGER

Associates

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PURPLE PRATTLE

Purity supreme!! Don't mope in a corner envying a popular girl, remember that a popular girl is a healthy girl. Sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks tell their own story of bubbling energy and vitality. A girl who is friendly and smiling, radiant with the joy of living, ready for work or play, will never lack friends. If you are nervous, ill, or run-down, take a good dose of something or other, seat thyself in a chair of comfort, grab the last issue of the PARROT (before your sorority sisters burn it), and toddle away on the wings of a humorous emotion unscathed by the taint of impurity. Convulsive laughter is not conducive to bodily ease, but ne'er fear, my little tot, the dose of something or other will tide you over, and you will rest contented in the arms of Pure amusement. Lead on, Sir Galahad—

I went to my first class the other day and was quite overwhelmed by the mass of people there assembled. To think that university classes are degenerating into such a catastrophic agglomeration of collegiate humanity is most exasperating. The Industrial Revolution is very pertinently related to the development of universities. Large scale mechanized production is everywhere replacing the turnout of fancy, handmade, delicately molded products of yesteryear—products exclusive not only in quality but in cointreau, I mean, quantity.

Thus in years gone by people were satisfied to send their dearly beloved to a university, and the d. b. were satisfied in the belief that they were doing something different. College for college's sake was then enough. The moderns have established a different motto based fundamentally on the fact that college attendance is now an everyday occurrence. It might be aptly stated, no college for goodness' sake. The belief in the impossibility of attending college and at the same time retaining a virtuous character has revised the parental outlook.

Still and however, we believe that there is little foundation for such a point of view. The student of to-day is not the student of yesterday, and can not be expected to be classed as such. Times and customs

have changed. Subjects which formerly touched the pinnacles of vulgarity are today discussed freely. Frank conversation, however, need not, and should not, imply a looseness of character, and herein lies a shortcoming of the maternal viewpoint—we feel.

We cannot believe that the modern college student is of any lower ethical standing than was the student of former days, simply because colleges have acquired the cloak of "social institutions poisonously coated by scholastic requirements." Colleges are not dens of iniquity where innocent students are sinfully led from the paths of righteousness. On the contrary the faculty does everything within its power to improve the moral standards of the students. The association of the students among themselves does not deserve the severe criticism to which it is often subjected. The imaginings and suggestive aspersions of outsiders, especially non-college people, are without foundation. The campus life of the average college student is morally equal to, if not above that of the average outside individual, but has been degraded by the class of literature and mouth to mouth publicity which seems to emanate from the portals of higher learning.

We wish partially to rectify this opinion, and to establish in its place a belief and confidence in the ability of the college student to conduct himself in a manner beyond reproach.

◈ ◆ ◈

Woman (telephoning to desk clerk): There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

—*Exchange*

◈ ◆ ◈

Admiring Visitor: "How do you account for your success as a futuristic artist?"

Artist: "I use a model with the hic-coughs."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*

◈ ◆ ◈

Noise: Knock, knock, knock.

Pope: "Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlain, a bit griped for having to wake his master every morning: "Eight o'clock, sir, and all is fair."

Pope: "The Lord and I know it; you may go."

P. C. "You and the Lord are two wise guys—it is four o'clock and raining like hell."

—*Carolina Buccaneer*

◈ ◆ ◈

Mary: Have a good time last night?

Sarry: Yah, but take my advice, and never slap a fellow when he's chewing tobacco.

—*Red Cat*

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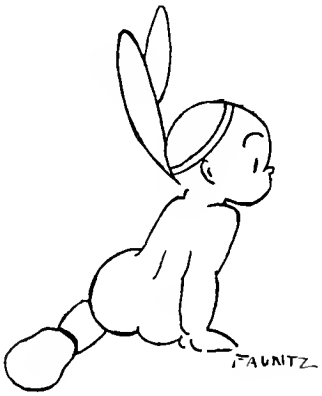


Little Sitting Bare

"My wife came from a large family."
"My wife brought hers with her."
—*Old Line*

◈ ◆ ◈

"I'm 21 this month but I can't vote."
"Why not?"
"There's no election."
—*Punch Bowl*

◈ ◆ ◈

King Arthur — How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?"

Lancelot—"Three cents an ounce, Art. It's first class mail."
—*Siren*

◈ ◆ ◈

Professor (to class): There's a young man in this class making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start." —*Old Line*

◈ ◆ ◈

Russia may claim to be an atheistic country, but they accepted a United States Minister.
—*Froth*

◈ ◆ ◈

I used to eat wheaties for breakfast every morning. I'd split open the top of the package with a bread knife, sprinkle a quantity of the cereal in an ordinary oatmeal dish, pour in just enough cream, and coat the mixture with some plain white sugar. It wasn't so bad when, grasping the edge of the bed to pull myself out mornings, I'd tear the bed to bits under me. I didn't mind particularly when the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times into the ditch. I thought it was a good joke when I banged the door of my fraternity and the house fell to the ground. But when I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck, I went back to grapenuts.
—*Frivol*

"What did Uncle William say when you gave him the brandied cherries we sent to cheer his convalescence?"

"He said he was afraid he was not strong enough to eat fruit, but he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent." —*Voo Doo*

◈ ◆ ◈

Lady—"Why are you so excited, little boy? Can't you stand still?"

Little Boy—"Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?" —*Punch Bowl*

◈ ◆ ◈

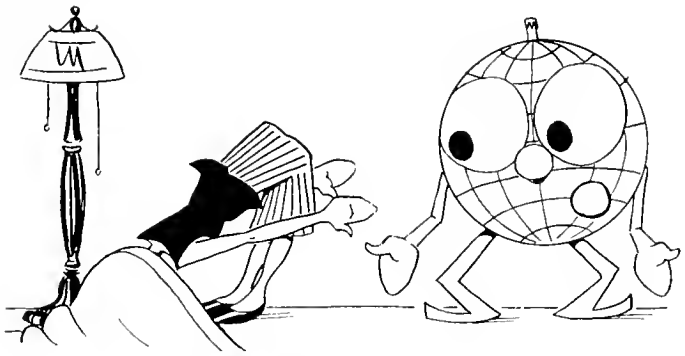
It wasn't liquor that killed old Ben;
Nor women that stopped his breath—
'Twas an Austin somebody drove up his leg
And tickled old Ben to death.
—*Rammer-Jammer*

◈ ◆ ◈

Pittsburgh Theme Song: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." —*Lyre*

"Imagine mating you here!"

OLD MAN OUTER WORLD PEEKS IN



By H. I. Stimson

"Yes," said the old, old man, "I can remember when people—that is, one person — owned houses and automobiles and how, when a chap wanted to go out on the back porch and whittle after supper, he could do so without first going down to the Government Bureau and filling out one of those affidavits which say that one won't whittle anything of value—practical or intrinsic—that will in any way compete with the products of those artisans co-ordinated by the NWCA—you know, kiddies, that stands for the National Wood Carvers Administration. My, those were fine times."

"Honest, grampa, did people really have a house that belonged to them and did they really *own* their clothes and things like that?"

"Billy," said a middle-aged man, "where did you pick up that word 'own'? Don't you know the government will punish you for treason if you talk about 'owning' things and that when you die you'll go to the bad place ruled over by Herbert Hoover?"

"Oh, pa," came the answer from the youngster who had up to this time been listening to his grandfather's reminiscenses, "we had that in school—in history class. They were telling us about the times back before The New Deal—" he was interrupted.

"Billy," came his father's voice, "remember that when you speak of the era of domestic and economic tranquillity brought by our great God Roosevelt you must rise and face the east with your head bare and that you must recite the alphabet, repeating each letter twice, and hold your hands toward the sun with your index finger tips and your thumb tips together, forming the letter 'A' which stands for Administration, the greatest good. Now don't forget, son, or the government will punish you, and then you're sure to end up with Andrew Mellon and J. P. Morgan and Henry Ford and the rest of them."

"I'm sorry father, that I forgot. I didn't mean to. But, gee," he went on, "we learned about a lot of things in history today. They said that people didn't have to get their clothes from the Government in the old days and they said that they used to have what they called 'churches'—or something like that —in which they used to worship another God, instead of God Roosevelt, and the prophets — Marx, Trotsky, Lenin, Thomas, and the others, and that it has been only since The New Deal" — the boy stood, faced east, and recited the alphabet in the manner prescribed by the Authorities at Washington and then resumed—"that they have been holding meetings in the Post Office, worshipping the Blue Eagle. My, those must have been funny times."

"Yes, they certainly were," said his father, "from what I know of them."

"They were no such thing," came the retort from the old, old man. "I remember them, although they ended when I was in college. But when I was a boy—you don't have to believe me, if you don't want to—but when I was a boy I once had two overcoats."

"At the same time, grampa?"

"Yessir, at the same time, and I didn't have to put a bill through congress to get them, either. I just went out and bought them, that's all."

"But where did they let you get two coats, grampa? I should have thought that when the government issued the first coats for the winter, and nicked your ear to show that you had got yours, that they'd have known you weren't entitled to another one."

"But the government didn't issue coats in those days, Billy." The old man's eyes gleamed triumphantly. "No, sir. I remember, too, just like it was yesterday. My father had a job—one he'd made for himself and he didn't have to file any application with the Government either to get permission so that he wouldn't encroach on the setup production capacity rate for his business. Yes, sir. Well, anyway, he had this job and he used to get money for doing the work he did and I took some of that and just went spank out and bought two coats."

"Money? What's money, grampa?"

"Oh, that's right, Billy, I keep forgetting how old I am and that you don't know about these things.

Well, I'll tell you, Billy. Back when I was in high school I took a course in economics—economics, Billy, used to be the social science that dealt with those aspects of the wealth (wealth, Billy, used to be a stock of economic goods existing at an instant of time)—getting and wealth-using activities of man that are concerned with the production, purchase (purchase, Billy, used to be what one did with the money I'm going to tell you about) and sale (that has to do with money, too, Billy) of goods and services, that is, that's what economics was before they did away with it and made it a part of the Constitution. Well, it was this way, Billy. In economics they told us that money was a medium of exchange."

"It was no such thing, grampa," said the middle-aged man, who seemed to listen now and again, "it was the root of all evil, and you know it. It says so right in the preamble of the Revised Constitution. You know 'We, the people of the United States, in order to establish a never ending Utopia, to end forever Depressions, to uphold the doctrines of the second Messiah, coming in the person of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and heralded by Prophet James Farley, and believing money to be the root of all evil—'. You know, grampa, that's what it says, and you know that the Government says so! So there!"

"I know, son, I know, but I keep forgetting at times. All right, Billy, the new definition is 'Money is the root of all evil,' but it used to be, back in the days when it existed 'a medium of exchange.' You see, Billy, in my day, instead of going to the Government and turning in the coat you had three winters ago for a new one, you just threw the old coat away and went downtown and bought a new one. I know, my boy, that it is hard to believe, but that's the way it was."

"Bought, grampa?"

"Wait a minute, I'm sorry. I'll tell you about that in a minute. Well, you see, people used to think they knew what money was, and what it was good for, and what it was worth and all that sort of thing. And then came the Great Depression. Up came a group of economists — they were folks, Billy——."

"Don't tell me, grampa, I know. They are the Fathers of the New Revised Constitution of the United Co-ordinated Businesses of America. I learned it in school."

"Well, anyway, Billy, these economists got their innings when the Great Depression came and they disagreed on money and what it should be so much that finally the people rose up and they all marched on Washington and went and prostrated themselves at the feet of Roosevelt and said: "Oh, Great God Roosevelt, we worship you, we adore you, we listen unto you on our radios. Your every action is perfect in our eyes. But there are in the land those who disagree with you and their thoughts are foreign unto us for in you we can see no wrong. But rather than do away, brutally, with these traitors to your cause—for you are a peaceful man, Oh Great God Roosevelt, and it is you who wishes all mankind to be at peace—we wish you to do away with that thing that seems to be the root of all evil — Money.' And Roosevelt said unto them: 'Go to your homes, MY FRIENDS (and they wept when he said that for joy) and think no more of Money and its evils. Since you have had none for so long and since it is causing so many arguments and since it is bringing me adverse publicity in some sectors and diminishing my chances of Eternal Fame with some historians, I will call my Congress together, my people, and together we will not only do away with money, but we will re-write the Constitution of the United States (this country was called the United States in those days, Billy) so that those who say we are un-Constitutional may be squelched.' And as he said this, Billy, well, I can't quote exactly from the New Revised Bible which is——."

"Don't tell me, grampa, I know. I learned it in school. It is the Congressional Record."

"That's right, Billy. Well, anyway, I forget exactly what the Revised Bible says but, anyway, the people rose up and went to their homes singing 'Happy Days Are Here at Last' and at the next election the second coming of the Messiah was assured."

"Yes, but, grampa, what is money?"

"Oh, yes, well, Billy, to tell you the truth, I don't exactly know."

MAKE IT POETRY

One day a teacher stood before a class of ambitious young hopefuls, attempting to elucidate the mysteries of prose and poetry.

"If you were to say," explained the teacher, "There was an old woman who lived behind a hill, and if she hasn't moved she lives there still," that is poetry. But if you were to say, "There was an old woman who lived behind a hill, and if she hasn't moved she lives there yet," that is prose. Now class give some examples of prose and poetry."

After a minute, a bright-eyed and impatient youngster in the back row jumped to his feet.

"All right, Tommy, give me an example," said the teacher.

Tommy scrutinized his paper sharply and read: " 'There was an old woman who lived by a well; one day she stepped in and now she's in —' say teacher, what do you want, prose or poetry?"

Action Portrait of a Lady Scared Out of Her Shoes

Alass and a lack

THE CIGARETTE THAT'S *Milder*
THE CIGARETTE THAT *Tastes Better*

© 1934
LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.

CHANGING CLOTHES

By Oliver Jahn

Personally I like the depression, and I want it understood immediately that what I write is in no wise to be taken as my own viewpoint. I think the depression is great. If jobs were plentiful I should probably be working now instead of writing drivel like this. But many people—poor ignorant souls—object to depression. So I will take their side. Four years at Northwestern has made me broad-minded. It makes everybody broad-minded. But where was I? Oh yes—the depression.

Well, it seems that the depression is about over. At the annual convention of the National Association of Merchant Tailors held recently in Chicago, Raymand Godfrey Twyeffort said :"Color will bring back prosperity!" Mr. Twyeffort, it seems, is a big bug in the tailoring game and knows whereof he speaks. Cocktail suits, champagne coats, dinner jackets, and other outlandish clothes are to be foisted upon unsuspecting young men. More than this, the garments will be highly colored. Said the committee: "For the man without sex appeal we should design a suit in vivid red materials; red symbolizes love, fervor, and fire."

Imagine, if you can, the consternation among our great athletes when "N" sweaters are replaced by canary yellow outing suits. Imagine a captain's dismay as he seats himself beside a Greek student dressed in stars and stripes. What will be left to distinguish the athlete from the student? Size and ignorance? Surely poor things compared to the proud purple and white of a sweater!

And think of the appalling blow to the pride of some of our eccentric professors when eccentricity becomes widespread. Bicycles, carpet bags, mustaches, beards, rubbers, Turkish hats, and coats turned inside out will be as nothing compared to stream-lined blue derbies and pink shoes. To what lengths will professors be forced to go in order to distinguish themselves from students! Painted lips, colored fingernails, bobbed hair? As with the athletes, so with the professors.

And think of the poor girls! (Who doesn't?) What will become of them when men begin to assert their prerogative to fashion and color? Is the male regaining his established place in nature? It would seem so. The college boy of the future will assume his rightful place in the front row of the classroom. Let the shabby female call at the fraternity house. Let her gaze with awe upon the pink and green panties of her conquest. Let her admire the lovely new formal, the shoulder-length gloves, the tricky little hat of her chosen swain. Let her carry his books and compact. Let her—well, just let her—and see if she will!

Our Eccentric Professor

◈ ◆ ◈

MY BONNY

My Ypust is on her vacation
  My tdpist's awau fpr a week(
My typudt us in her vscarion
  Wgile thsee damb keys plsy
Hude and seej.

Choris

Breng bock, bting bzck
  Oy, brung beej mub Onnie.ti
my tp, mr;
OB(?8lb::4xfi, be-ng bicz
Bj, bvong bosk mlb8 beInoi-1
  Msk—oh helk!

—*Pitt Panther*

For Women Only

By Pat Frazier

Student publications are offering the Northwestern student body a new deal. No longer will morals be dragged down and degraded through the naughty insinuations, and evil descriptions of kisses seen in previous issues of the PURPLE PARROT. On the theory that morals reflect the press, Wilmette Harbor will soon be merely an unpleasant memory, and sorority house vestibules will be comfortably uncrowded at 12:59 a. m. The PARROT is doing its part. It realizes that co-eds have forgotten how to say "no" and mean it. It here offers the first lesson, for women only, on "How Not to Be Kissed."

In the past few years a few young women, of unusual temperament and foresight, practiced the "say no" theory. Their numbers, alas, were far too few. Too many were apt to follow the path of least resistance, which, according to the standards of their time, usually led directly to the lakefront. Not to say no, or to say "no" and not mean it, is bad. It is wicked. In order to be in the new scheme of things the co-ed must be unkissed. Here's how.

LESSON I
COLUMNISTS
As Practiced by Sally Cook

Get the editor of the PARROT, or one of the clever young men who print scandals in the Daily to go with you and sit in the back seat. You will have no occasion to give a negative answer. Romantic wanderings are fatal with one of these peepers into privacy along. Any kiss, no matter how small, will appear, greatly improved upon, in print. This is fatal, for what will the other five wearers of his sweetheart pins think? Here you are perfectly safe, but unfortunately, so great are the co-eds' demands for these literary knights, that there are not enough to go around, so we proceed to the next method, or,

"Get the Editor of the Parrot"

LESSON II
AUTOMOBILES AND OTHER TRANSPORTATION
As Practiced by Lorraine Gaggin

Does he have a car? If he hasn't, or if he has, and you borrow it and run it up a tree, you have nothing about which to worry. Romance loses much of its charm when accompanied by the rattling of elevated wheels and the reek of garlic from the next seat back. Gideons reading Bibles add nothing encouraging to the order of things as he would have it. Evanston streets are so illuminated that our Nell should have no trouble from the time she leaves her public vehicles until the time she is left in the arms of her waiting housemother. But you say he does have a car? Alas for you. There's still more to learn, such as,

LESSON III
NICCI'S THEORY OF RELIGION
As Practiced by Jean Hoch

You are in a car, and have come from a dance, being successfully and alluringly dressed in the gown that mother bought with her pawned wedding ring, and your roommate's new wrap. You are sleepy, and your feet hurt. Your resistance is breaking down, and as he sees the feathery eyelashes which were pasted on this afternoon fall heavily upon your cheek he guides the little coupe to a quiet and secluded spot. A gloved hand switches off the ignition, and a preliminary sigh mingles with the beating of the waves. Now is the time to come alive and think. If you're good you can say "no" and mean it, and still see the man again.

As he draws closer just say soberly, "Do you believe Nicci's idealism to have been stimulated by disillusionment?" This will stun him, if he's the average male of your acquaintance. If he's unusually illiterate it will put him out permanently. Unless he is a mental superman you have won the round, but if he is a specimen of this sort you may have to go on to,

LESSON IV
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
As Practiced by Jane Orr

When the suggestions of the past three lessons prove fruitless ask for a cigarette, which is an old dodge, but a trustworthy one nevertheless. There is nothing more annoying to one who would look lovingly into

(Continued on Page 23)

Love for a Living

By H. I. Stimson

CONCLUSION

It would be, at best, a slight exaggeration to record here a statement which would indicate immediate application on Huddy's part to the task—namely, of making more money than Mr. Pennington had ever seen—to which he had so vehemently dedicated himself. On the other hand, it would be extremely unfair to indicate that Huddy underwent any sensation of remorse because he had made what appeared to be a promise so impossible of fulfillment. Whatever fault one might find with some of Huddy's attitudes, he might never accuse Huddy of futile boasting. Huddy had gone to Newport to marry money. He had done what he set out to do. Before that he had given himself the task of spending every cent he could lay his hands on. That job he had fulfilled in the best possible manner. He now found that he had said, in no uncertain terms, that he would become a millionaire. All right, he would.

His words with his father-in-law had traversed the ether on Thursday afternoon. The following Monday morning he was sitting behind his own desk in the Chase National Bank building. He had rented an office late Saturday night, from a building manager whom he routed out of bed. In his hand he held a check book which showed a favorable balance of fifty thousand dollars. He had borrowed this amount, on some securities belonging to Virginia, from the bank which did business twenty floors below him. He was ready to start.

"Izzie," he said, addressing the office boy who lolled in a chair tipped back against the opposite wall, "if you had fifty thousand dollars and wanted to make two million what would you do first?"

"Gosh, boss, I dunno." Izzie shifted his gum to his other cheek. If the boss had fifty thousand dollars, then he needn't worry about his first week's pay . . . nor even the second.

"Well, then, we'll incorporate. That'll only cost fifty dollars, until the taxes come due."

The next day, Tuesday, the office door bore the lettering: "Farrington, Inc."

"Izzie," said Huddy, at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, "how much truth do you think is in the statement that 'there is no fool like an old fool . . . or a bunch of old fools'?"

"Sounds all right to me, boss," said Izzie, waking up.

"Well, then," said Huddy, "we'll proceed on that basis."

"Oh, and say, Izzie, what are the three types of fast communication?"

"Aw, boss, that's awful old . . . Telephone, telegraph, and tell-a-woman." Izzie went back to sleep.

"Old fools and tell-a-woman," said Huddy grabbing the telephone.

"Hello, Montclair 7322." Huddy lit a cigarette.

"Hello, Ginny? Say, think you can do something for me? Yeah, I know, of course you would, dear. Well, what I want you to do is to get your father off immediately for that Maine hunting lodge of his. I'm kidnaping him. Oh, no, just for three or four days. I'll have some one there to entertain him and keep him company . . . or say, why don't you go yourself . . . yeah, now, wait a minute, I'll explain it . . . "

At the end of a half-hour telephone conversation Huddy rested assured that his wife and his father-in-law were to be safely stowed away in the North Woods for at least a week. Then he began to work.

First he called a Mrs. Townsend.

"Hello, say, this is Hudson Farrington. I hate to trouble you, but is your husband at home?" Huddy knew very well that he was not. "Well, I'll tell you. I wanted to ask his advice. You see, my father-in-law, Mr. Pennington, has been called out of town very suddenly, early this morning, and he was unable to get in touch with his office. He was in an awful stew about buying the Hackensack Meadows and he asked me to get him an option. Now, I think that's foolish . . .

"Yeah, the Hackensack Meadows. You see, I'm so darn unused to high finance that I hardly know what to do . . . that's the reason I wanted to talk to your husband . . .

"Oh, he didn't tell *me* why he wanted the option. All I know is that last night while he was over at my place his Washington man called and said something about having some inside dope and then he was all in a stew about getting this option and now he's left town and I've got to get it and I don't know whether to or not, or how I go about it . . .

"Oh, I don't know what the Washington man said except that since the Army Air Service was to carry mail the government was planning a new airport for New York terminus of the system. . . . No, that's all I know . . . Well, I'll tell you more if I find out anything. I'll try to get your husband in town. . . . All right, thanks, good-bye . . . What, where am I? Oh, I'm at home . . . good-bye."

Izzie moved uncomfortably in his chair. Huddy hurled a telephone directory at him.

"Hey," he shouted, "I've told a woman. Now, if her husband is the fool I think he is, and if he can round up the fools I think he can, and if the name of Pennington is second to that of Morgan, as it's supposed to be, then I'll be rid of my option on the Hackensack Meadows by the end of the week."

"The what?" shouted Izzie, in return.

"The Hackensack Meadows. I bought an option on them yesterday."

Izzie sighed, then went back to sleep. Even at that, there was no need to worry about his pay for a couple of weeks. An option on that marsh shouldn't have cost the boss more than a hundred dollars. Gee, even at that, why should a guy waste a hundred dollars. Oh, well, it was his money, and anyone could see he was cracked. Izzie snored.

Huddy looked at the check-book again, as he wrote out a check for two-weeks advance pay for Izzie. That left a balance of three-dollars-and-sixty-five cents. Oh, well, he had an option on the Hackensack Meadows.

That afternoon Huddy closed his office, gave Izzie his check and returned to Montclair to await developments.

About eight o'clock that evening, Townsend dropped in to see him .

"Good evening, good evening, Farrington, ah, yes, thank you, I will," he said, taking the cigarette Huddy offered.

After the two had become settled before the fire, Townsend turned rather uncomfortably toward Huddy.

"By the way, I understand you called me this morning for some assistance in high finance or something of the sort. Was . . . was it anything important?"

"Oh, no, come to think of it, it was really nothing at all. I'm terribly sorry that I troubled your wife. Apologize to her for me, will you? You see, I'm just so unused to anything of a business nature that for the moment I was caught off base. But it's all fixed now. It was really nothing."

Townsend, however, persisted.

"Tell me," he said, "just what was it that you wanted to know about? My wife said that you mentioned something about your father-in-law wanting you to buy an

option on the Hackensack Meadows. What on earth does he want with that?"

"Well, really, Townsend, how should I know? He never takes me in his confidence. I haven't any business sense at all, you know. But he was all steamed up about it last night before I left. Gosh, I thought the old boy would go crazy, what with phone calls to his office and his secretary and not getting any of 'em, and all the time he was screaming something about losing a fortune if he couldn't get something done in a hurry. Gosh, it was funny."

Huddy stopped talking and indulged himself in a chuckle. Townsend leaned forward.

"Yes, go on. What happened then?"

"Well, nothing much only he finally asked me to get him this option. Oh and then, it was funny. He couldn't find his check book or anything so he told me to get it with my own money. That was really laughable, 'cause, you know, the old boy is always riding me about my lack of funds."

"Yeah," half-choked the other, "that is funny. You got it all right, anyway. That's something."

"Something? that's everything . . . perhaps," thought Huddy to himself. Aloud he said: "Yeah, I got it, but how did you know?"

Townsend look flustered.

"Well, you see my wife told me about your call for me so I called up a chap who could fix up the option, thinking I might be able to get it for you and save you some trouble. He told me that he had sold you a 90-day option already."

Huddy grinned inwardly. Townsend thought he'd help him out, did he? Yeah, he was given to that sort of thing. So he wanted the option, and merely because Old Man Pennington wanted it, too. Well, things were looking up, at any rate.

"I say," smiled Huddy, as he crushed out his cigarette, "that was mighty decent of you. Thanks, awfully. But I didn't have any trouble."

"No," replied Townsend, "no one should have any trouble getting an option on the Hackensack Meadows. But look here, Farrington, I've got a little proposition to make. You say Pennington is out of town for a week?"

"That's right," said Huddy.

"Well, now look here. Some of Pennington's other friends and myself think that he might appreciate it if we took charge of his option, just in case something turns up, so here's our proposition. We'll buy the thing from you and hold it for Pennington and if anything turns up in the meantime, why then we're in a position to handle the situation all right, and at the same time you can get your money out of it."

"Oh, no, Townsend, I wouldn't think of it. I'm sure my father-in-law wants me to keep it. He said not to let anyone know that he even wanted the thing and he swore he'd kill me if I let go of it. I guess I'll just keep it."

Townsend acted as if he had not heard Huddy's last remarks.

"Now here," he said, "I have a check for forty-thousand dollars. That's what you paid, isn't it? Well, it's yours, if you'll just turn over the option to me."

"No," said Huddy, "I can't do it."

"Now, look here, Farrington, you know very well this is what your father-in-law would want."

"No, Townsend, I know I don't know anything about business, but I can't do it."

Then the battle began. Townsend talked until he was blue in the face. Huddy smoked contentedly, now and again interjecting a firm "No!" Finally, Townsend, exasperated, said:

"See here, you may not know anything about business, Farrington, but you're no fool. Now that land is worth a lot of money, or will be in a few days when a government project that old Pennington has got wind of comes through. Now you are powerless to do anything about that, being in your position, but under your guise of dumbness you can sell this option to us, make some money for yourself and at the same time pull one on that father-in-law of yours, whom I know you don't love too much."

"All right," came back Huddy's answer. "I'll sell. What's your best offer?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars!"

"I'll sell for two million!"

"*Two million!*" Townsend almost fainted. "Man, you're mad . . . absolutely mad. Now, listen to reason."

"Townsend," said Huddy, "I may be no business man, but I know a good thing when I see it. Now, listen. Whatever else my father-in-law may be, he is a genius at making money, and I know as well as you that he's got a good thing here. He'd have a good thing even if he had paid two million for that option, for option money applies on purchase price already set, which is awfully low. If you fellows can see this worth an investment of two million, I'll sell out to you and take my cleanings. If you can't, I'll hang with my father-in-law and make ten times that eventually. But I can use money now. Think it over."

To record the annals of the now famous Townsend-Farrington hoax further would be a gesture at needless repetition. Let it suffice to say that at four o'clock the next morning Townsend, and the rest of his Wall Street friends, whom he had called in at midnight to help in the battle, capitulated. The option changed hands. But not until Huddy had exacted a promise.

"Remember, gentlmen, not a word to my father-in-law of how this was done. I'll blame it on my dumbness, and while he'll never forgive me, still two million is worth it. There is no advantage to you in telling either, for Pennington still has favors he can hand you, if he thinks you are his friends . . . though it will be a long time before he thinks that. However, to be decent you might let him in on some of the holding company stock on the ground floor . . . Well, goodnight, gentlemen. I'm going to bed."

The others left, but Huddy did not go to bed. Instead, he did some hasty packing and then repaired to the garage.

A little less than two days later, a mud covered roadster stood in a woodland trail before an extensive hunting lodge in the Main Woods. Huddy Farrington was knocking at the door. His father-in-law, dressed in a pair of dirty trousers and an old flannel shirt, swung open the door to meet him.

"Hudson," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"I've come to buy your daughter, sir," said Huddy, smiling.

In his hand, he held a cashier's check for two million dollars.

THE END.

POLLYANA

Scandal Sheet

Nuts to you, kiddies!

Long about this time of year, Aunt Polly gets pretty d——, oops, 'scuse it please, this is the Purity Number, darn tired of chasing hither and whither and thither and back to yawn again, trying her doggonedest to stick her nose into other people's business and only succeeding in sticking her neck out—and what a neck! Well, we won't go into that—after all, this IS the Purity Number! Annahow, once again, in spite of Exams and Hell Week and Theta Formals, here is the campus filth, washed, cleaned, dried and presented in its purest form, to *you*, my indifferent public.

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AUNTY WANTS TO KNOW—

Why is it that GLADYS BRANDT, alfaz, seems to just lo-o-ve dating the poor innocent Freshmen that flock to this female spider's web?

Just why ROSE SOLFRONK, alfaz, is called "SLIPPY SOLFRONK" by the girls? And also, for what good reason did MARY HANDLON reform and start wearing hair ribbons once again?

Why JANE GARNETT, thet, had to have her date help her finish dressing on the dance-floor at the Formal? And WAS her FACE red? Go ahead, just ask her!

Just what causes SARA BERMAN, aefy, to call a certain pink-cheeked fidelt whenever she wants to be taken down to the I. C. Station?

What made all the girls at the Theta Formal inclined to sleep on their date's chests while dancing to the soft, sweet, soothing strains of BILL HUBBELL'S U. E. S. Orchestra? Four out of Five did it!

Why BILL SMITH and STAN BOGGS both left for Arizona at the same time on a day's notice? Maybe they were both dating the same girl—maybe? I wonder—huh?

What causes JEANETTE BADGLEY, thet, and GINNY SANFORD, pyfy, to dislike each other's aggressive fortitude so intensely? Could it possibly be that JONNIE WATSON would have anything to do with it all? You guess—I'm fatigued.

Why KATY MATTHEWS, a brand-new kio transfer, claims that all the dirt she hears "just goes in one ear an' out the other!" I wonder—!

Why MURBACH, alfafy, and her spouse don't finigle their programs a bit more so that they can be together in ALL their classes, instead of just a nine o'clock English class!

What causes NAIDA JONES to travel all the way to Dixon to meet OLLIE OLSON? It must be love—or something!

Why the fygams don't pledge more embryo fybet's like WINDSOR HOECKLER, who pulled a straight 7pt average, thus contributing in his small way to raise the chapter average.

Why somebody doesn't put a stop to this "Interfraternity Stuff?" VERNE ANDERSON and DON BREWER, sigmnus, were present at the D. U. affair, and NELLIE CULVER, deeu, crashed through at the fidelt function.

Why PONDER, VEDDER, NAGEL & COUGHlan had to take SAWYER along as chief adviser when they went enmasse to see "Should Ladies Behave?" And why DYER wasn't invited, too?

◈ ◆ ◈

AND NOW—

Has it ever been mentioned that JERRY MILLER received a scholarship at Mercersburg for his excellent character and high morals. Whoops—Jerry, what would the mater say now?

KEN HIGGINS has definitely become pinned to our Hollywood representative, Lucile. In spite of this enviable (?) connection Ken still insists on dating local talent.

DAVIS, a Phi Psi Freshman picked up RUTH MYERS, Theta, at her home. At the corner he picked up a fellow who was thumbing a ride. When the fellow got in, he pulled a gun and held up DAVIS and MYERS. Ruth was really scared out of her booties. Suddenly, clever Davis laughed like hell—for the whole thing was just some perverted Phi Psi's idea of a joke.

Of all the dirty tricks, however, this one takes the bathtub ring. After a good session at one of the better ice cream parlors, CARMICHAEL, NELLINS, GRAY, GAREY AND KEANE played copper down along the well-known lake front. With Keane's tin star they'd pull up to a parked car, get out, arouse the occupants, flash the badge, and tell the lovers that it was high time to go home—and they went, too.

The big treat at the Theta formal was the appearance of CONVICT CANNONBALL COLLINS, Crooner-del-luxe—just ask him. You can always depend on the Thetas for good convict labor—it's cheap.

SEE 'EM IN THE MOVIES!

Three Little Pigs—RICHARDSON, LARSEN, and GARNETT, thetrio.
S. O. S. Iceberg—NANCY GETTY, alfaki.
Adorable—MOLLY MURBACH, alfagam.
Queen Christiana—JANE MACINTOSH, kapa.
Little Women—KAY GRIDLEY, GERRY FENLON, MAY NORTON, aopi.
Mayor of Hell—COUSINS, S. A. E. Prexy.
Bombshell—SARA BERMAN, aefy.
I'm No Angel—JEAN BRADEN, alfafi.
Warrior's Husband—MARTHA WHELAN, deltagam.
Rasputin—STANLEY MONDALA, beta.
Betty Boop—CHRIS FORMBY, kio.
Hell's Angels—BARNES, LARMER, SOLFRONK, and VAN SCOY, alfazdelt.
Tug Boat Annie—ANNIE GRIFFITH, pyfy.
Girl Without a Room—MOYER, thet.
Eskimo—KITTLEMAN, alfafy.
Havana Widows — LEEBORG, DODGE, and LAIRD, kapadelt.
Dancing Lady — LIBBY TOWNSEND, kapa.
Tarzan, the Fearless—CRAGG, lamdaki.
Prizefighter and the Lady—BABICH and PAPICH, deens.
Too Much Harmony—APLEY BROS., fidelt.
Sitting Pretty—CHIC SALE, barb.
Lady Killer—Adyn Schyler, fysy.
Hold the Press—In other words, mugs—No necking in the Kappa House!

◈ ◆ ◈

NEWS FLASHES

ELEVEN KAPPA'S AND GURLEY INVADE FIGAM FORMAL — HELLWEEK STARTS IMMEDIATELY AFTER!

◈ ◆ ◈

FAUNTZ AND DATE AND NIGHT-WATCHMAN PLAY TAG ON EAST CAMPUS AT FIVE A. M. NIMBLY ASSISTED BY THE MILKMAN AND HOUSE MOTHER!

◈ ◆ ◈

RICHARDSON AND TOWNSEND VIE FOR WAA-MU LEAD — MILLER IN QUANDARY. HE JUST DOESN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT THE HELL TO DO!

◈ ◆ ◈

MURBACH GIVES SENSATIONAL SPEECH FINAL ON "RESOLVED: THAT THE RIDICULE DIRECTED AT THE FREUDIAN THEORY IS JUSTIFIED." SETS CLASS AGOG! SHE EVEN SHOCKS HERSELF!

◈ ◆ ◈

MARY LOU HEALD BACK IN SCHOOL — GIVES FAIR WARNING TO S. A. E's.! NERTZ TO YOUSE GUYS!

MA FEMME DORMIR

The girl of my dreams is a lovely creature
With curves and charm in every feature.
Her eyes are cute and sweet light-blue,
Her brain is, too. It's light; not blue—
Her teeth are like the stars at night
'Cause, dam!, they too come out at night!
I dream of her each night of my life,
Because she happens to be—my wife!

—D. N. L.

◈ ◆ ◈

MY PAL

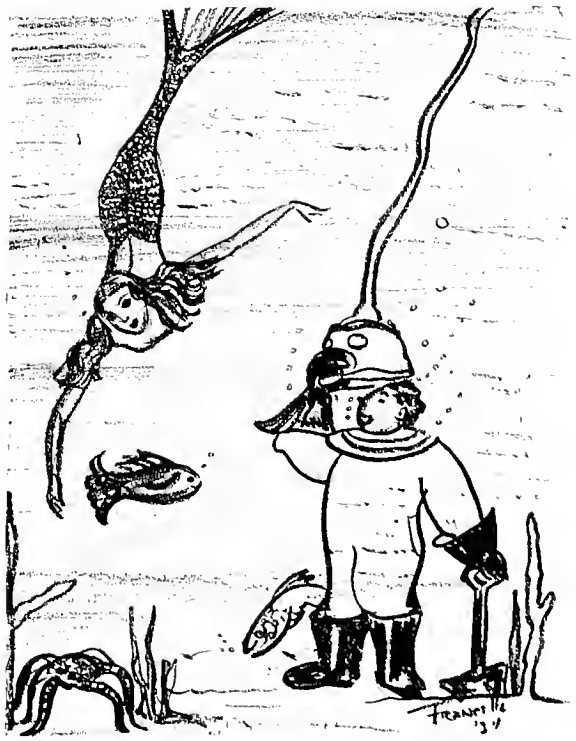
Remember the girl that I left in your care
Swearing she'd wait and be true the year 'round?
Blonde was her shimmering halo of hair
Eyes of hot passionate velvety brown
Teeth that gleamed pearly, so perfect and fair
'Twixt carmine Cupid's bow lips soft as down.
Her skin of smooth silky satin invited
Your soothing touches and later your kissing
You, true blue pal that you are, were delighted
With keeping her spirits up and not missing
Me, till I came back home to my dear
And found her safe, but—married a year!

—D. N. L.

◈ ◆ ◈

Yours in faith, confidence,
and lasting friendship—

Aunt Polly, Jr.



"Elmer's my name"

The duke of York
Removed the cork
  And tilted up the flagon.
The label read
Trevedentscherreinerweusmmunchengenachte
  So now he's on the wagon.

—*Skipper*

◈ ◆ ◈

"Is this the Weather Bureau?"
"Yes. sir."
"How about a shower tonight?"
"It's all right with me. Take it if you need it."

—*Stone Mill*

◈ ◆ ◈

Girls, when they went out to swim
  Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim,
  They dress more like her cupboard.

—*Witt*

LOVE IN THE ORCHESTRA

"Viola, I love you. I want you tuba mine. I lay my harp at your feet."

"Aw, quit stringing me along. You don't get to first bass with me."

"Say not this: I'm tired of playing second fiddle! You've got too many guys bowing you around."

"Oh, what a violin sinuation! What brass! Why did you piccolo thing like that to say to me? I ought give you a baton the head!"

"Yeah? Gee, I'm trebling all over!"

"You'd better tremelo-ver what you said. I'm liable to drum you yet."

"Oh, but suite, let's give this a rest."

"Oh! Trying to snare me in double quick time, eh? Well, quit horning in. Gwan! Blow!"

"Well, fife not been a chump! After all the do I've spent a music you! That's a scaley trick!"

"Say, I'm tired of listening to your chorus language. You're not so sharp. I'm leaving you flat!"

"Well, I'll be—!" (What, B *b*?")

—*Colorado Dodo*

◈ ◆ ◈

He: "Will you marry me?"
She: "You'll have to ask father."
He: "He's already asked me."

—*Wampus*

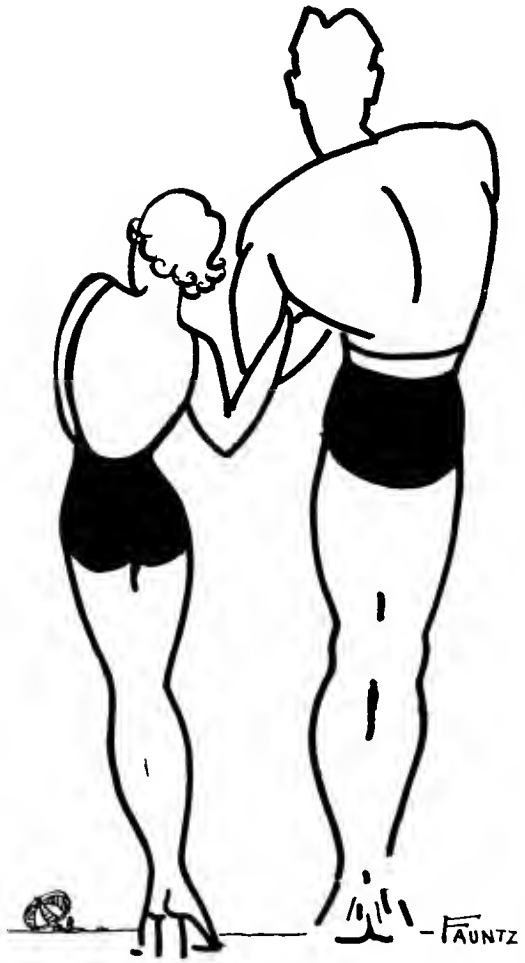
◈ ◆ ◈

"It's all your fault that I flunked that quiz. You remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Sure, I remember."

"Well, a helluva lot isn't the answer."

—*Shine*



Blondie: "My back itches."
Art: "What do you think I am—a back stroker?"

"Shay, do you know that wooden Indian down in front of Jack's shigar store?"

"Yes."

"Well, he dunno you."

—*Brown Jug*

◈ ◆ ◈

"That's a hell of a note," said the musician as a cat fell into the bass horn.

—*Buccaneer*

◈ ◆ ◈

Sometimes
When I'm all
Alone
Walking (for
My health)—I
Take delight
In sign
Reading.
And every
Time I see
The one
"SHOES SHINED
INSIDE"
I wonder how
They
Do it. —*Lampoon*

◈ ◆ ◈

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the inmate on the first floor of the insane asylum.

—*Frivol*

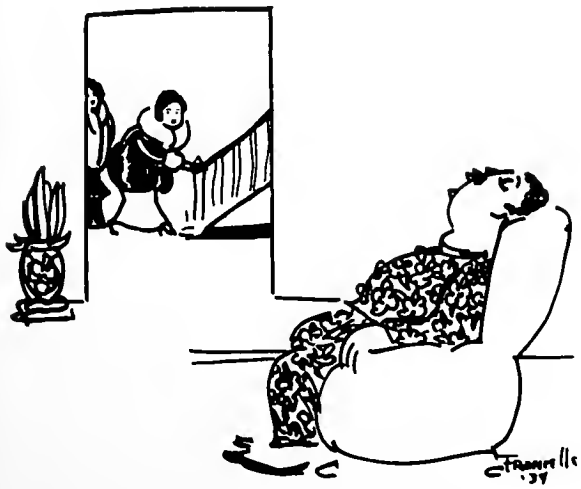
◈ ◆ ◈

They were discussing the nature of love:

"To me love is peace, quiet, tranquility—" said she.

"That's not love," said he, "that's sleep."

V. P. I. Skipper



—Till the Cows Come Home

A double hit!

SUE: That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.

SAM: Tastes good, too. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.

SUE: That makes it a double hit—pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?

SAM: Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.

SUE: So what?

SAM: In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.

SUE: You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?

SAM: Right.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE *Mildest pipe tobacco* THAT GROWS

DIARY OF A BEAUTY QUEEN

Mysteriously Obtained

By Bernie Hirsch

Feb. 13. I am so exuberant today. Things are chirping along just swell here on the lake. And guess what? I am going to keep a diary now because I have just come into my own. I am a Beauty Queen now! And it all happened so suddenly. The C. W. A. at school decided to run a PURITY Ball and so the C. W. A., the Campus Waiters Association, elected me "Beauty Queen of the Purity Ball."

Feb. 15. Since I've won the PURITY Queen Contest, the profs. have been taking notice of me because they think I'm a nice PURE girl and professors adore PURE little girls. My geology prof. gave me a job today as his secretary, helping him record grades and write letters.

Feb. 17. I had to quit my job as secretary for my geology prof. I walked into his office this afternoon and caught him hugging his wife!

Feb. 20. Elaine Van Scoy must be out of town because one of the boys on the football team called me up in the morning for an ice skating date. Of course I was tickled to go because since I've been made Beauty Queen for the PURITY Ball, the boys are afraid to take a chance and go out with me.

I put on my new Marlene Dietrich outfit for skating, vest, jacket and pants. Jane Fauntz told me that I shouldn't be so odd as to wear it because the boys don't like girls who are so different.

My gridiron beau and I didn't skate so very long. I found out that skating was one of my sore spots.

Feb. 23. Boy, was that Purity Ball swell! I think everybody of note was there and all the big shots came in uniform. Those Campus Waiters sure looked grand dancing over the ballroom floor in their beautiful jackets and aprons of the PUREST white. I stood on a platform in the middle of the floor with a big sign on my back so that everybody could get a chance to look at me and know that I was the beauty queen. It was grand to see the elite of the campus dancing at my feet in homage to my beauty.

And was the entertainment grand. The Dean did a rhumba with a beautiful platinum blonde. They both wore some wire screening over them so they couldn't come too close. It seems that a new type of milk has been discovered. They had a milk drinking contest and four fellows passed out. Maybe it was from the shock of drinking milk.

All the publications people were present. The members of the PURPLE PARROT staff came. They must have been in costume because they all wore CLEAN shirts. So that you could tell who they were they all had pacifiers in their mouths. To show their stuff the Purple Parroteers did the "Dance of the Cherubs." And what a dance! Why it would make an opera ballet envious.

"Fig" Brunton and his mob from the Daily came too. They had an entrance all of their own and marched in while the orchestra played a medley for them of "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Anvil Chorus," and the "St. Louis Blues." "Fig" had the most beaming smile on his face and the darlingest little smudge of ink on his nose (or it may have been blackberry jam) but as he tripped in at the head of his crew, with a very light tread, his hands were outstretched so everybody could see that they were PURE pearly white —he never gets his hands soiled. And "Fig" nodded condescendingly as he moved his head from side to side. It was his supreme moment. However, Fig's mob tagged behind him like a rather disorganized band of stooges. The sports editor looked dazed and had a Chicago Tribune open in front of him as he entered, evidently picking out sports items to fill the next day's Daily. Lois Goldstein, Brunton's literary editor, trudged in with a very literary look, and half-shut eyes from sleepless nights which was explained by the fact that she had a huge book under each arm—a Bell Telephone Directory and a Sears Roebuck Catalogue.

It was all so impressive, this pomp and ceremony, and all at my feet. As the spotlight shined upon me, I was glad that I had taken Mother Smith's advice and wore that extra petticoat.

Over in a dark corner, I spotted Georgie Guernsey of Gadfly fame. He too looked as if he hadn't slept for weeks and weeks—that insect must be getting him for he was scratching himself feverishly all over.

So ended the most rapturous event of my life.

Feb. 26. I was so worried about

how I came out on my Econ. that I went to Prof. Hahne, my instructor, for solace. I was so bold and deliberate that I didn't even knock at the door but dashed right into his office. And what do you think I saw? There was Prof. Hahne standing on top of the uttermost rung of a ladder with the PUREST and most saintly look upon his face that an Econ. prof. could attain. He looked as if he were about to perform a miracle.

"Sh," he whispered to me, "don't move." At either end of the room stood a pretty graduate student, evidently markers. But I was hypnotized. I realized then and there that I was about to witness something that would be one of the outstanding occurrences of my college career.

I gazed intently upon my illustrious professor. And still the markers stood motionless. Suddenly, it happened. With one motion he straightened himself upon the ladder, and threw a heap of blue books into the air. They fluttered hither and yon about the room, some fluttering out the window.

"Now," quoth Prof. Hahne in bursting words of professorial eloquence. "I beseech Thee, Oh Lord God, Jehovah, that Ye will help me to do my duty before Thee, O Lord, and President Scott, and all the cherubs of our campus.

"Well now that the blue books are graded, let's proceed to record the grades." Those poor devils whose blue books went out the window were given F's. Those which fell to the floor, D, those on the chair, C, those on the table, B, and those which stood on edge were given A's. I was duly impressed, dear diary, by all this pomp and ceremony—I had just witnessed a memorable scene.

Just then Professor Hahne took cognizance of my presence. My mission had been accomplished for I had come to see my blue book, by the Grace of God, fall upon the table, and so I received a B.

"Well," said Prof. Hahne. "The Lord is most righteous, and besides that saves me a lot of work. You're just in time," he said, as he pinched my cheek ever so gently and with the brightest twinkle in his eye. "You're just in time for a game of contract." So saying he began to shuffle the cards.

Feb. 27. One of the boys who feeds dirt to the PURPLE PARROT knows that I'm keeping a confessional diary and he has vowed to get hold of it, even if he has to lift it from the house. But I know what I'll do, I'm going to keep my diary on my person so he won't have much chance of getting it.

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LAST CHIME OF A BELLE

By Patricia Frazier

Dark curls and sparkling eyes welcomed the seventh stag who had snatched Judy in the past ninety seconds. The beam, the radiance of which she turned upon the rather dull youth indicated that it was he, and he alone who was making her evening the perfect success which appearances indicated it certainly was. Gardenia perfume increased his lightheadedness, and Judy's lips, rated the most tempting and least tried in the college, parted in their justly famous smile.

"Popularity," pronounced Judy that night at a One A. M. bull session, "is achieved through the medium of one part line, one part looks, and eight parts boredom." A breathless silence greeted her words, for she if anyone should surely know the secret, and the prime ambition of all of her friends was to be as popular as Judy.

"Now I stood for Hank Bogan for a long time. No looks to speak of, no car, not much money." A loving caress was given each of the three dollar orchids, who had borne up with the Spartan courage of the best of their kind. "But I didn't know many Dekes, and thought I ought to be on the in there. Now how many Dekes date me, dine me, and dance with me?" Judy pulled a frothy frock over her head with the gesture of one who has accomplished something.

"Far as I can see," groaned a properly impressed freshman, "there's no one here that can't count that far."

"Exactly," was the firm reply, "and let me tell you there's money in that house, even though they did take in Hank Bogan."

The freshman thought hard. "You had a date with Hank last night. Why so? You know all the Dekes."

"I try and try to pound that into your immature heads," smiled the oracle. "Will you ever learn, how many times must I repeat, that Hank did me a good turn once. He may do it again and besides there's only one way to keep a man's interest, admiration and love. That's to let him see that the getting of you is going to be one hard fight. Now get out, I've got a date in the morning."

Judy's popularity was unparalleled and unquestioned. Conceit was not even considered, for her success, she maintained always, was due to a lot of hard work, and she was fond of telling of her unhappy days as a plump little dancing school flop, where, unhappy and unsought, she determined to one day beat men at their own game.

Cold cream and skin tonic completed Judy's preparations for the night, but before she could turn out the light, and retire for much needed sleep, a rumpled, blissful, starry eyed Peggy appeared. One hand was clutched tenderly beneath her wrap.

"Well, is it a pin, or acute indigestion?" inquired Judy, "I am prepared for the worst."

Peggy's answer was a dreamy smile, and she threw herself into a chair.

"Darling, get off of my velvet formal. It costs a dollar to have it steamed, and besides I have no respect for you any longer, so you're not worth wrecking my clothes. I suppose it's the washed out Sigma Chi, the one with the calf expression and the knock knees. Is it as serious as it looks?" Judy did not approve of fraternity pins.

"We're going to be married as soon as he finishes medical school in five years," was the love-sick maiden's only answer. "We're going to live on the drive, have two Cadillac roadsters, and three children, whose names will be—"

"Stop," and after thus startling her domestically inclined sorority sister Judy burst into a flood of advice.

"I suppose at times like these it's no use for me to say anything, but let me warn you anyway for the good of my conscience. Five years is a long time, and at twenty-five freshmen will still be coming into this temple of learning. Men like freshmen, and then where will you be?" A look of disdain flashed from Peggy's eyes, and she flounced from the room in search of more understanding listeners.

It was summer time, and too much playing around had flunked Judy in Geology. Doomed she was to summer school, nine-tenths of the students there competing for Master's degrees. As Judy plodded her way regretfully to the first hot morning class she thought sorrowfully of the dance to which she had gone the night before the Geology exam. Only one thing made summer school bearable at all, and that was the rugged Dick, who also had flunked Geology.

When he proffered his pin the first time she had ever had a date with him Judy was surprised, but not very much so. After all, it was said that one improved anything with practice, and she had been practicing a long time now. Of course she didn't take it. "I'm sorry, Dick," she murmured with a deep regret which long practice had surely made perfect, "but I know you so little it wouldn't be right to take it. Wait a little longer and we'll see." He kissed her

hand, and again she shook with laughter inwardly, and regaled a special friend with the tale.

A month later he tried again, and when the perpetual excuse, that "mother wouldn't like it if she knew" appeared, Dick swore to tell no one, never to tie her down, never to expect her to wear it, but only to look at it occasionally. Later that night she tossed the pin into a drawer, and for a while forgot it. Dick didn't.

Summer faded into fall, and always Dick was about, asking little, giving everything. The times were frequent when Judy smiled quietly to herself, thinking about how dumb he was. One night however she did not dodge quickly enough to escape his kiss. It seemed rather nice, so she tried it again and again, and that one kiss was her downfall, for there was less time for other men, and her stagline was depleted with the rapidity known only to vanishing staglines.

"Ye gods," moaned the unfortunate girl to herself at night, "I've got to get out of this. Why I'll be in Peggy's fix. I'll be socially ruined," but Dick kept coming, and Dick got dates, and Dick got all of Judy's time. It was no use. She wore the pin, blatantly, for all her little world to see, and her sisters said "I told you so," and many men thought regretfully of a girl who once had been a very swell date.

"Darling," Dick whispered into her hair. "In two years we will be married, and go into the insurance business, I will I mean. We'll be so happy." At last Judith believed him.

Judy's men in other schools wrote letters, whose substance begged her not to be foolish, and Judy went on her own sweet way. She was an engaged woman, and she loved it.

A day passed, and she didn't see him, but he called her up. "Probably studying" was Judy's feminine verdict, and she tried not to wonder why he had not studied before. Two days, a week, and Judy packed up his pin. Two weeks, and she mailed it back. A jeering world faced her, but she was not one to speak or make excuses for herself. A man had beaten her, a man whom once she had characterized as dumb.

"Couldn't last" was the rife comment. "He could never tie her down. A great girl, but not a serious bone in her body."

Judy smiled admiringly at every male thing in sight. Judy was the lively life of many parties. Judy sobbed herself to sleep for many nights.

◈ ◆ ◈

Prof—Wake that fellow next to you, will you?
Student—Aw, do it yourself, you put him to sleep.
—*Red Cat*

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1/c (referring to raw steak)—I said well done, waiter, well done!

Waiter—That's the first compliment we've had in a long time, sir.

—*Log*

—Hangover

LOBSTER . . . "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER . . "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"

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Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

Turn all contributions into the PARROT office, U. H. 101, by March 10.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SONG OF THE SLIDERS

How can anybody see
A gain in taking Chemistry.
Think once of an Econ. course.
There's a different colored horse.
'Cause Chemistry is really tough.
And you have to know your stuff.
While Econ's laws are all upset,
For Franklin D. is not thru yet.
So many a prof finds to his sorrow,
He's right today, but wrong tomorrow.

—*B. H.*

◆

Ambitious: I'm going to be an aviator. I've been air-minded for years.

Rambunctious: I guess I'll be a garage man. I've been tow-headed all my life. —*Old Line*

◆

Judge: "What were you doing in the place when it was raided?"

Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

—*Old Line*

"But, dear, the least you can do is ask me to dance"

(Continued from Page 11)

the eyes of a beautiful woman, than to have tears running out of his own. The success of this lesson depends upon who weakens first. He may be good for more sulphur in the eyes than you are for exhaling it. If you can take six or eight Camels, lighted one on the other, he will doubtless get disgusted in an hour or so and take you home. If you can't smoke learn, or strike this lesson out entirely. Illness is fatal to one's will power. So if you can't smoke try again. Some people think revolvers are sort of cute, although we don't. It would scare us more if one went off than it would him who was hit. Besides if it got him it would be messy, and there might be a lot of embarrassing explanations to be made; so on the whole we prefer,

LESSON V

FISTS

As Practiced by Dorothy Jane Johnson

A hefty, but playful *(always playful)* right to the eye won't hurt him much, but it's bound to hurt his pride. This, and blowing a horn for the sheer joy of it will kill the kiss of any hardy sweetheart. A well placed kick on the shins has been known to have good results, but is hard on shoes, and therefore not advised. A crack in the eye, or the ear, or the teeth is vastly better, and besides there's nothing like contact with a meaningful small fist to intrigue a man. It's bound to make you popular. You say it's even worse than this though? That he has a car, doesn't know a single stooge, editor or columnist, that he knows Nicci backwards, and that smoke has no effect? When you hit, he grabs? Tsk, tsk, tsk. On first thought we'd say to stay away from him, but on considering the lamentable scarcity of males we say keep him, and learn.

LESSON VI

MY MOTHER

As Practiced by Charlotte Werth

Look lovingly into his eyes, and as he draws nearer remark confidingly, "You know I have a mother who's more like a sister to me. Of course, I always tell her *everything.*"

◆

Alger Heroes Are Extinct.—Gruff father to son—"Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for $3 a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store."

Son—"You can't do that nowadays. They have cash registers."

—*Boston Globe*

◆

Blue-Ribbon Simile.—As broke as a pickpocket in a nudist colony.

—*Henry Vance in the Birmingham News*

◆

A censor is a fellow who knows more than he thinks other people ought to. —*Exchange*

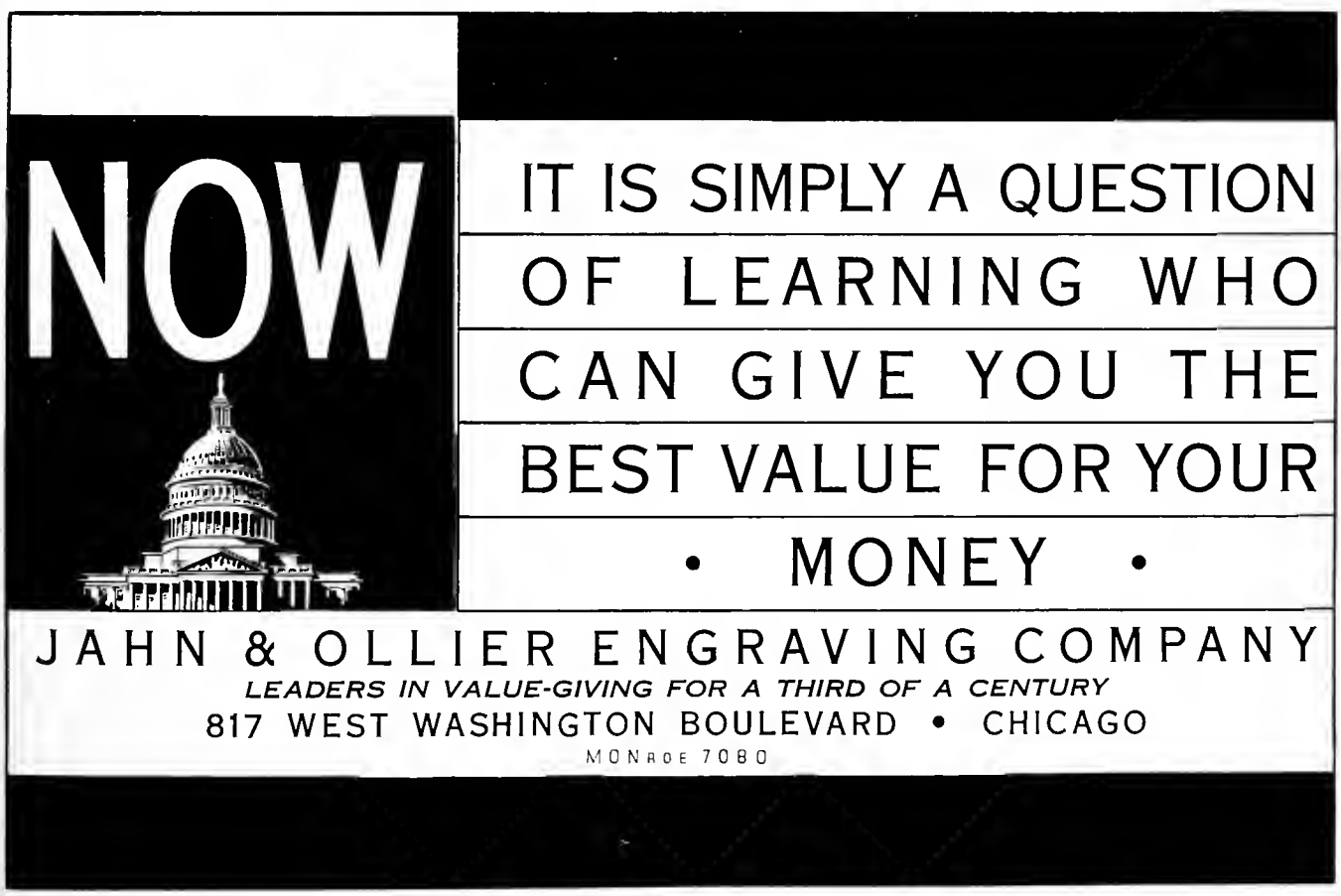
◆

Pass the Arnica.—"Jack was the goal of my ambition, but alas!"

"What happened dear?"

"Father kicked the goal."

—*Boston Transcript*



Radio Voice—"We will now hear from Professor Jones on 'The Advantages of a College Education.' "

Listener-in—"There they go with another one of those damn mystery stories."

—*Awgwan*

◈ ◆ ◈

"What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"

"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

—*Yowl*

Love—To hang around doing nothing. Also the way bread comes.

Adore—Smell, scent.

Sweet—A Scandinavian. Also what Odorono is supposed to suppress.

Devine—To describe.

Worship—What our gobs fight on.

Yearn—(Please!)

Sentiment—A spice, sentiment rolls, sentiment toast.

Faithful—A mouth completely filled.

Lace—The bugs that get on doity pipple.

Heart—Wounded—"My feelings are heart."

—*Froth*

Chloe: What you all calls it when a gal gits married three times—bigotry?

Mose: Lawd, no, chile, dat's when a gal gits married twice. When she gits married three times dat's trigonometry.

—*Exchange*

◈ ◆ ◈

Rastus—"Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor."

President of the Eight Ball Club—"I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor."

—*Burr*

And then there was George. He was a good guy, all right. He had to have a lot of sleep because he slept slow.

—*Gaboon*

◈ ◆ ◈

Prof.—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Frosh—"That's why we all flunked."

—*Battalion*

A man and a small boy were riding in a train one day. Upon entering, the boy had left the door open.

Shouted the man, "Get up and shut that damn door! Were you raised in a barn?"

The boy arose, closed the door, returned to his seat, and began crying. The man felt a bit remorseful and went over to the boy.

"Son, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said softly.

"Oh, you didn't hurt my feelings," said the boy, "but I was raised in a barn and every time I hear a jackass bray it makes me homesick."

—*Juggler*

"Your wife needs a change," said the doctor. "Salt air will cure her."

The next time the physician called he found the Scotchman sitting by the bedside, fanning his wife with a herring.

—*Awgwan*

◈ ◆ ◈

With just a slight pang we foist the Poultryman's Song: "Buy a Waterfowl."

—*Froth*

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